a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marie ſir, halfepennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then threefarthing worth of Silke.

Coſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt employ thee.
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine, thou muſt know firſt.

Clow. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after noone,
Harke ſlaue, it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeake ſweetely, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aſke for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeald-vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneratiõ, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will do it ſir in print: gardon remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O and I forſooth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous ſigh, a Crietick, nay a night-watch Conſtable,
A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled whyning purblind wayward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarffe, dan *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annoynted ſoueraigne of ſighes and groones:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole

Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my litle hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
With two pitch balles ſtucke in her face for eyes,
I and by heauen, one that will do the deede,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde,
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almightie dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſhue, grone,
Some men muſt loue my Ladie, and ſome Ione.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladyes, and her Lordes

Quee. Was that the king that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vp riſing of the hill?

Forr. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Quee. Who ere a was, a ſhowd a mounting minde.
Well Lords, to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce.
Then Forreſter my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

Forr. Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Quee. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeakſt the faireſt ſhoote.

Forr. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.